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## The River Hudson.

In breadth, not length, a river's grandeur lies—  
In breadth and bold variety of view—  
Of hill and dale and skyward mountain blue.  
Length is beyond the ken of human eyes:  
The Mississippi fails to wake surprise,  
Save when, his earthy fetters bursting through,  
The plain with wreck and ruin wide to strew  
Too fatally his giant strength he tries.  
Not thus, majestic Hudson, doth thy wave  
Its heaven-reflecting gift of pow'r express;  
Thou movest not to ruin but to bless—  
To give thy shores the fruitfulness they crave.  
Thus thy broad stream, to its high mission true,  
Makes known God's power and His goodness too.

A. J. STACE.

## Some Women Writers.\*

BY PROF. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

### I.

I hope you will forgive me for not using the word "poetess" in this lecture. In my opinion a woman who writes poetry should not be ashamed to be called by the name which distinguishes Dante, Calderon, Shakspeare, Longfellow and many other immortals.

This century is the century of women writers. The results of the great social change consequent from the discovery of America and the French Revolution are more apparent now than ever in the education of young girls and the status of women. Our grandparents looked with horror on the probability of a woman's working for a living or working at all, except in the household. She could embroider hideous samplers, draw buttercups and daisies, paint landscapes in which the cows might have been

\* A lecture delivered at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., Wednesday, March 27.

horses and the lambs, dogs; she was expected to be "sweetly pretty," and ivy-like and clinging; her proper dress was supposed to be white muslin; she wore thin slippers and, on festive occasions, a wreath of roses; she sang "Lightly the Troubadour Touched his Guitar" and played "The Battle of Prague." Her fathers and brothers worked for her; but no matter how clever she was, or how desirous of not burdening them she might be, it was not permitted that she should work outside the family circle. To be other than this, social convention decreed, was to be "strong-minded." And to be "strong-minded" was to be wicked, or worse than wicked. But all that is changed now. Young women are no longer content to be amateurs. They have learned that society has become more exacting. The young woman of the present time cannot be satisfied with such accomplishments as the making of wax fruit and flowers, or the playing of a fantasia with a note dropped out of every fourth bar. She endeavors to acquire a specialty; for, if she be rich—so uncertain is the duration of fortunes in our country—she may need it to help her live, and perhaps—who knows?—to enable her to support a husband in the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. For sometimes the American girl elopes and in that case she soon thanks Heaven that she has been taught to earn her own bread.

There still remains in that small stratum of society in which idleness is cultivated as the principal grace, a prejudice against young women who work for their living. But a prejudice founded on no principle is disreputable. And even this prejudice, which is really not worth considering, melts before talent and industry. The musician, the composer, the singer, the artist, the writer are the hardest of workers, and yet society—meaning the would-be exclusive

class—is only too eager to welcome and, unfortunately, sometimes to spoil them; so that there is no bar now to a woman's cultivation of the best that is in her. Twenty-five years ago, the woman who could play a great composition of Chopin or of Berlioz was a rarity, a phenomenon. Now there are hundreds in every city who can do it. Every year the publishers of the magazines receive cleverer and cleverer illustrations from young women. Young women no longer paint a castle on the Rhine with a bridge in the foreground spanning the river, done in bright blue with yellow high lights and weeping willows of arsenic green dipping into the turgid stream. That belongs to the part of the sampler and the dogs and cats worked in Berlin wool.

## II.—MRS. BROWNING.

Similarly, the young lady is no longer satisfied with composition; subject: "Sunshine." She wants to get beyond that, and she does. If she have literary talent, if she cultivate her taste, if she pay attention to form,—for literature is an art governed by rules as strict as those which govern painting or music,—she may earn, not only position in the world which recognizes all good work, especially in literature, but an honorable income. Since Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth's time, the number of women writers has steadily increased. We have too many of them, unfortunately,—too many who have sacrificed all that best becomes a woman for the sake of sensationalism and money-getting. But, if we have Ouida, "The Duchess," Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and the vulgarest of them all,—Amelie Rives on one side, we have Adelaide Procter, Christian Reid, Eleanor Donnelly, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Craven,—who, however, has an unhappy habit of making cousins marry at the end of her stories,—on the other. George Sand, a woman who tried to be a man, had genius, but no morals. George Eliot, another great woman writer, had genius, but no religion. Their lives were sad and their deaths sad. They are warnings to women that even genius and success cannot compensate for their unsexing themselves. A woman is admirable in proportion to her womanliness. And a poet who wrote in prose has said that a woman without religion is like a rose without perfume. Among the women of our century there is one English woman poet who towers above the rest—a woman who expressed great thoughts; who, aside from her philosophy and her Italian politics, deserves a high place in that private literary oratory which each of us should erect. I speak of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. If ever any poet stood

in the white light of the beauty which we call poetry, it was Mrs. Browning. Her thoughts were as fire and her words were as fire. You remember the majestic opening of her "Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus." It was suggested by Milton's

"But see the Virgin blest  
Has laid her Babe to rest."

Mrs. Browning's prelude runs thus:

"Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One,  
My flesh, my Lord, what name I do not know,  
A name that seemeth not too high or low,  
Too far from me or Heaven.  
My Jesus, that is best! that word being given  
By the majestic angel whose command  
Was softly as a man's beseeching said  
When I and all the world appeared to stand  
In the great overflow  
Of light celestial from his wings and head.  
Sleep, sleep, my Saving One."

And the cry of the children:

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers  
And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
The young fauns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing towards the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free!"

Spontaneous as Mrs. Browning's poetry seems, it would have been made greater by a finer art, although the poet made herself a scholar and her poetry was greatly influenced by the Greeks.

I must warn you that, in a lesser poet, Mrs. Browning's faults of art would not be tolerated. She made herself a scholar, it is true; she was influenced by Theocritus, as Tennyson was; but not so much by the perfect symmetry of the Greeks as by their thoughts. I regret that most women poets are careless just where one would expect to find them careful,—in matters of detail. Mrs. Browning's rhythm and rhyme are sometimes so bad as to put the critical reader or the musical reader out of patience. It must be said, too, that Mrs. Browning's characters in her long poems, "Aurora Leigh" and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" are unreal. They are "imagination at a white heat." Lady Geraldine is an unwomanly woman; and Romney Leigh is a very weak-minded fool. Nevertheless, looked at as a poet, not as a story-teller or an artist,—in the sense that Tennyson is an artist,—Mrs. Browning is the greatest of the women poets. Mrs. Browning, when criticised for her bad rhymes, replied that poetry with her was not "reverie, but art." If this be true, we can only conclude that she had

a very poor ear for sound. Somebody made a list of the defective rhymes in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." For instance:

"Door-ways—poor-ways; nature—satire; woman—gloaming; invited—freighted; terrace—heiress; symbol—humble; islands—silence; making—speaking; chamber—remember; coming—woman; weakness—blackness; mercies—curses; earthly—worthy,"—and many more.

Mrs. Browning's love and sympathy for children are pronounced in her poems. If Mrs. Browning gained Heaven—and who can tell?—it was through her love for the poor and of helpless little children. Mrs. Browning's art was not perfect; but her voice, with a discord now and then, came straight from her heart. If you read nothing else of Mrs. Browning, read at least "At Cowper's Grave," or "The Sleep,"—written on that Scriptural passage so beloved of poets,—*"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."* In Mrs. Browning's "Vision of Poets" there is a strong suggestion of Tennyson, as there is in Mrs. Meynell's "Sonnet to a Daisy," which I shall speak of later.

Mrs. Browning owes almost as much to Theocritus as Tennyson. And her paraphrase on the idyls of the Syracusan poet are very charming. Faulty in *technique*, she is nevertheless an artist. One of the lessons of her life which I may read to you, young ladies, is: never to be satisfied with mediocrity; to cultivate your talents to their utmost, and to leave no chance for mental improvement pass by. I am not recommending the pursuit of poetry as a profession; no amount of application will make a poet; but no poet, no matter how high his genius is, can afford to neglect the rules of art. I may here quote for you the opinion of one of the oldest and the most gifted of our living American poets, Mr. C. H. Stoddard, on the relations of poetry to the art of expression. He says:

"We won't quote Flaccus, although he is always worth quoting; but the best thing an amateur poet can do is to rewrite and rewrite his verses, over and over and over again, seeking out the smallest errors, and occasionally resorting to bore a friend with reading them, and making all the changes that friends suggest—perhaps permanently, perhaps only temporarily. By that time the would-be poet will be disgusted with his own work. That is, the moment when it becomes fit for anybody else to read, if there was a germ of poetry in it to begin with. After that the aspirant for the bay may lay away his mutilated treasure as long as he can stand it, then bring it out and rewrite it and polish it,—and send it to a newspaper or magazine with a safe bet of 10 to 1 that it will be rejected. Out of the throes of many such workers a good poem might occasionally come forth—say once in a hundred times. The proportion now is about one in a million."

This is rather too severe; but it has truth in it. To console, I may say that no true poem ever lacked a hearing. If the Milton is inglori-

ous, it is because he is mute; and if a great thought which you have does not reach the people, it is because you are too slothful to cut your rough diamond into shape. A perfect poem is a perfect gem, with each facet cut—God knows with what pain—until it reflects the light on all sides.

### III.—MISS PROCTER.

I am anxious to call your attention to two writers whom you know and love already, Adelaide Procter and Lady Georgiana Fullerton. There are two poets whom the high literary sect profess to underrate,—Longfellow and Adelaide Procter. Longfellow has no superior among our modern poets; and if Adelaide Procter is a lesser light than Elizabeth Browning, it is only in the degree that the flame of a prairie fire is more startling than the glow of the wood in the grate at home. The splendid spectacle entrances for a time; but we are never weary of the steady glow of the fire on the hearth. If, speaking to you, who may yet make names in literature, I were asked to give you two models, I should name Adelaide Procter and Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

I presume you all know some of Adelaide Procter's poems by heart. "The Lost Chord" has been sung even, to quote Tom Moore, "along the streets of Ispahan." You know the last stanza of "Maximus":

"Blessed are those who die for God,  
And earn the Martyr crown of light;  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in His sight."

"The Storm" is famous. "A Parting" has found its echo in many an agonized but resigned heart.

"I thank you for the terrible awaking,  
And if reproach seemed hidden in my pain,  
And sorrow seemed to cry on your disdain,  
Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking."

"Farewell forever now: in peace we part;  
And should an idle vision of my tears  
Arise before your soul in after years,  
Remember that I thank you from my heart."

And the divine thought:

"Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleadings,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner will come one day  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

But why need I quote from this most womanly of poets,—most Christian of singers? You probably know or will know the sweetest of her

poems and the true meaning of them better than I, or any man, can.

Adelaide Procter was the daughter of a poet. Her father wrote under the pen-name of Barry Cornwall. He was a keen discernor of talent as well as a true poet. But he never guessed that his daughter had written anything until his friend, Charles Dickens, called his attention to one of her poems. It was a strange case of poetic justice. Mr. Procter had encouraged Dickens when the author of "Nicholas Nickleby" was young and struggling, and Dickens returned the favor by discovering that Barry Cornwall's daughter was a poet!

Much wrong has been done to the poetic guild. Its members are represented as continually complaining of the neglect of the world. The poet is supposed to wear long hair, to roll his eyes—or her eyes—in frenzy, to be queer and eccentric, and to pounce on unhappy people and read long poems to them. All the poets I have known are very reasonable people; I have never seen one of them moan in the moonlight or beat his breast and groan—except when he had dyspepsia.

Adelaide Procter was very sweet-tempered and reasonable. She never alluded to herself as a "broken-hearted bard"; she never felt that the world neglected her. On the contrary, she was very grateful for the praise she received. She was modest and unaffected. She was born in 1825; she died in 1864. Had she lived in our time she would not have affected "æstheticism." Charles Dickens, as editor of "Household Words," had to read many poems. One day among a mass of trash he found one signed by Mary Berwick. He was pleased with it.

"How we came gradually to establish at the office of 'Household Words,' " wrote Dickens, in his introduction to Miss Procter's poems, "that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I never discovered. But we settled somehow, to our own satisfaction, that she was a governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable; so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage than Miss Berwick, the governess, became."

Miss Berwick turned out to be Adelaide Procter. One day, about Christmas, 1854, Dickens went to dine with his old friend Barry Cornwall. He had the proofs of the Christmas number of "Household Words" with him. He pointed out a very pretty poem. Next day he learned

that he had spoken to the mother of the writer of the poem in her mother's presence. It was in this unobtrusive way, as a lily of the valley lifts itself slowly and fills the air with perfume before we see it, that Adelaide Procter began that career of praying, working, and waiting which has endeared her to the hearts of the English-speaking world. She, like Lady Georgiana Fullerton, was a convert to the Catholic Church.

The name of Lady Georgiana Fullerton recalls "Lady Bird" and "Grantly Manor,"—novels in their day as widely read as any of the popular stories one sees advertised now in the public prints. Her reputation rests on her later works. Lady Georgiana, though she wrote poems, was not a poet. We know her by her prose works. But I ought first to speak of another poet.

#### IV.—MRS. MEYNELL.

There are two sisters in England, one of them little known in this country, the other very famous, who have done work which ought to be at once an incentive and a consolation to other women. One, Lady Elizabeth Butler, is the painter of the famous "Roll Call," of which the late lamented Mother Angela once showed me a copy, and which she liked exceedingly, as all the world did. The other is Mrs. Meynell, Alice Meynell, the author of one volume of poems. Mrs. Meynell, whose husband is the editor of a weekly paper in London, has since her marriage, in 1877, written no poetry I have seen. But what she wrote before that time is real poetry, both in thought and in expression. Mrs. Meynell—then Miss Alice Thompson—owed her introduction to the public to Mr. Ruskin's kindness, whose choice of poets is somewhat erratic. It is strange that an autocrat who generally chooses to praise weak verse should have selected the sweetest and most artistic, if not the greatest of all the woman poets. The famous art critic wrote of Mrs. Meynell's poetry:

"The last verse of that perfectly heavenly 'Letter from the Girl to Her Old Age,' the whole of 'San Lorenzo's Mother,' and the end of the sonnet 'To a Daisy' are the finest things I have yet seen (or felt) in modern verse."

And yet sometimes even Mrs. Meynell fails a little in art. In this very sonnet, "To a Daisy," the word, "literally" spoils a line:

"Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,  
Like all created, secrets from me,  
And stand a barrier to eternity.

And I, how can I praise thee well and wide

"From where I dwell—upon the hither side  
Thou little veil for so great mystery,  
When shall I penetrate all things and thee,  
And then look back? For this I must abide,

"Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled  
Literally between me and the world,  
Then I shall drink from in beneath a spring,

"And from a poet's side shall read his book  
Oh, daisy mine, what will it be to look  
From God's side even of such a simple thing."

This sonnet will recall Tennyson's treatment of the same thought in "O Flower in Crannied Wall."

It is singular that the other poem, "San Lorenzo Guistiniani's Mother" has not become better known than it is. It deserves a place in every collection of good poetry. It is the story, told in a few words, of a mother whose son has become a Franciscan friar. One day a brother of his order visits her for alms. Years have passed since she saw her son, she thinks this visitor is he; but she is not sure. She says:

"Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears  
When on a day in many years  
One of his order came. I thrilled  
Facing, I thought that face fulfilled,  
I doubted for my mists of tears.

"His blessing be with me forever!  
My hope and doubt were hard to sever,—  
That altered face, those holy weeds,  
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,  
And lost his echoing feet forever.

"If to my son my alms were given  
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.  
He did not plead for child of mine,  
But for another Child Divine,  
And unto Him it was surely given.

"There is One alone who cannot change;  
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;  
And all I give is given to One,  
I might mistake my dearest son,  
But never the Son who cannot change."

It is something to have written the thought which is the germ of this beautiful poem. The mother whose heart yearns for the son she has given to God,—whose heart leaps at a look in the friar's face, so like the look she loved from the time he was a baby in her arms,—consoles herself with the consolation of Faith—she might mistake her son, but never our Lord to whom both he and she had surrendered their wills.

Adelaide Procter is more direct than Mrs. Meynell. There is the difference between Miss Procter's verse and Mrs. Meynell which exists between Longfellow and the more misty verses of younger poets. From the purely literary standpoint, Miss Procter would be called less of a poet than Mrs. Meynell, as Longfellow would be in comparison with Shelley. But, to find the true poet, one must not consider his verse entirely from the literary point of view.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

### Some of the Beauties of the Parables.

BY T. A. GOEBEL, '89.

The literature of the Orient is remarkable for the floridity of its style. It gives full reins to the imagination, and encourages the use of striking figures and gorgeous imagery. Metaphors and similes contribute most to the splendor and richness of its texture. But they are not the only gems which help to form figurative language. The parable, which is nothing more than a development of the metaphor—although it has not been employed as often as other figures—is by far the most beautiful. Parables had their origin in Egypt. They occur in the writings of both prophets and rabbins. Ezekiel frequently displays a singular touch of grace and beauty in this kind of composition. The well-known fables of the Phrygian sage, who took his images from the brute creation, are but an inferior class of parables.

The dignity of the parable was raised to its zenith by Our Lord, whose similitudes form the chief characteristic of the Gospel narrative. Search where you will in all books, from the oldest of antiquity to the latest productions of our modern press, and never will you find any passages which excel them in sweetness, simplicity and elegance, or in their unfathomable wisdom and endless utility. They constitute the very pith and heart of the Book of books. Not only did the New Law perfect the Old, but it infused into that sublime language the virtue of its own perfection.

The discourses of our Lord were mainly composed of parables. He did not disdain to make use of the same method of instruction which was so pleasing to the ear and taste of the Jewish people. By them, a proverb, simile and parable were considered but different degrees of the same figure of speech; and the name parable was sometimes given to them all. Of the evangelists, St. John alone has failed to write a single similitude. As they appear among the other three, scarcely a sentence bears a taint of prose. "Every thought is conveyed in a sententious, proverbial and easily remembered form; or it is a beautiful and perfect simile with natural objects or ordinary usages, such as conveys the lesson familiarly and gives it a hold on the mind and memory; or it is a more formal and complete allegory corresponding point by point with a more solemn lesson." These three divisions comprise the various kinds of Our Saviour's comparisons.



In the beautiful flower-bed of the Gospel narrative the parables, the richest, brightest and most gorgeous flowers, growing apparently in an artless manner among a host less gaudy, are blended into figures and images most charming and magnificent. What writer, what poet or what saint has attempted to unfold more than a few of their superficial beauties? The parables are sparkling diamonds in the golden crown of literature. Their imagery is taken mostly from nature, whose art-gallery is ever full of the gayest and the best. Who, when recalling to mind the shorter parables, is not moved by the exquisite beauty of those two spoken on the Mount? The joyous birds, chirping in the olive boughs overhead, present a most entrancing picture; whilst the modest queen of flowers, the stately lily, becomes a simile not less lovely than instructive. The fig-tree with its tender buds bursting forth to kiss the summer breeze, the golden mustard plant and fruitful vine are made the subjects of grand and sublime comparisons. Besides being plain, noble and pertinent to the clear explanation of a fact, their poetic character lends them an additional splendor and animation. No similitudes are so beautiful and elevating as those which liken natural objects to truths of the spiritual order.

A painter uses none but common colors. It is his *genius*, exercised in the skilful blending of the different shades, which breathes into the picture its expression and inspiration. He who admires a painting for its superb coloring alone, and does not feel in the sanctuary of his heart the depth of its inspiration, cannot fully appreciate its hidden merits. Neither can he who praises only the brevity, clearness, strength and aptitude of the parables, and allows himself to be blinded by the brilliant hues of their petals, enjoy all their intrinsic qualities, unless he delights in sipping the sweetness of their spiritual nectar.

No scene was too commonplace, nor any occupation too homely, but served to suggest the foundation of some beautiful parable. The housewife, with her domestic duties, her leavening of bread and laying up of a little treasure; the laborer, with his operations of tilling the field, sowing the seed and reaping the harvest; the planting and culture of the cluster-bearing vine; the fisherman and his net; the peaceful shepherd and his tender care for the woolly flock, as well as the more honorable offices of steward, rich man and king furnished our Lord with the most appropriate imagery.

But what must have contributed most to en-

hance the exquisite simplicity and power of the parables and the admirable grace of Christ's discourses, was the readiness with which they seem to spring from surrounding objects. It was not strange, then, that the people were in admiration of His doctrine at which the whole world has, and shall ever wonder. What illustrations have demonstrated truths more clearly, or given more lucid answers to proffered questions, and, at the same time, contained a greater fountain of tenderness and love? Who can restrain his feelings for the great care of the shepherd, as he watches him cross the burning sand in search of his lost sheep, or for that father's compassion who rejoices in the return of his wayward child? What lesson of charity has ever impressed our minds more deeply than the neighborly act of the good Samaritan? This parable, like all the others, is eminently picturesque. The traveller has already descended the long steep slope of three thousand feet from the table-land of Jerusalem and is about to enter the fertile valley of the Jordan. There was the stronghold of the Bedouin robbers who infest that place even to this very day, and render a body guard absolutely necessary. On one side of the mountain, half way to Jericho, still stands an inn, undoubtedly upon the same spot as the one spoken of in the parable, where it was possible to see many a Levite and priest pass by on his way to the Holy City.

But that which must have struck the hearts and ears of that stubborn, sensual nation—than whose history none is filled with such an endless train of God-given mercies, and insults returned—was the exact and forcible correspondence of the minutest detail of the more formal parables with either the customs of the people, or with the peculiarities of both time and place. Vain were it to presume that we can even now enjoy the hidden treasures of their numberless pleasures, if we ourselves have never reclined in the shade of a spreading palm, or revelled in the luxurious scenery of an eastern climate. Let us, then, after having read that charming Parable of the Sower (Luke, viii, 5-9) mingle with the multitude upon the shores of Lake Genesareth. Not a ripple disturbs the sandy beach except those made by the boat of our Saviour withdrawing a little from the land. It is midsummer. The stony hills on either side inclose a fertile valley. There through the midst runs a beaten pathway. No hedge or fence prevents the seed from falling upon its trodden surface, whilst the tall and healthy grain on both sides points out the rich and good soil. There where you see the golden plain

broken by a shadowy spot, a choking thornbush rears its prickly head, whilst the dry and arid rocks beyond are much in contrast with the grassy slopes. These physical features were familiar to the people, and for this reason their fitness and grandeur must have amazed them all the more.

But if this common operation of the farmer's life could be changed into a picture so vivid and beautiful, let us take another instance to show what change a more noble action will undergo in the kaleidoscope of a parable. The bridegroom has gone forth to bring home his bride. The mild twilight of that delightful evening, perfumed with the sweet odor of blossoming trees, is slowly stealing westward to leave the crowd of virgins to be enveloped by the advancing shades of night. They light their lamps. Why does the bridegroom tarry? A delay has been made and the ten virgins fall asleep. At midnight a cry is heard: "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet him." Then they arose hastily and trimmed their lamps, and the five who were foolish said to the wise: "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out?" But they refused; and whilst the foolish went to buy, the bridal procession came and all passed in. When the five foolish ones returned, the door was closed. There they stood in the outer darkness. They knocked, and as the door opened and the soft strains of music, mingled with shouts of laughter and marriage merriment, streamed out into the still night, what must have been the bitterness and disappointment of those words: "I know you not!"

#### College Gossip.

—An Amherst Professor never uses a chair. He sits on the class.

—According to present prospects, Luhn will row in the Pennsylvania Freshman crew at New London, Con.

—Cambridge defeated Oxford in the annual boat race this spring by four lengths. Time: 20 minutes, 14 seconds.

—The biggest barometer on the continent is being made for the Georgia Technological School at Atlanta. The tube is to be twenty feet long, with a diameter of three inches. Sulphuric acid will be used in the tube.

—Mr. Clarke, the well-known telescope-maker of Cambridge, proposes to construct a forty-inch telescope for the observatory of the University of Southern California. This will surpass in size and power any telescope ever made. It will cost \$100,000.

—The Jesuit Fathers in Ireland have introduced the study of the Irish language into the curriculum of Clongowes College, Mr. R. J. Duffy, honorary secretary to the Society for the Preservation of the Irish language, having been appointed Professor of Celtic in that famous institution.

—A princely gift of \$10,000 was lately made to St. Meinrad's Abbey, Spencer County, Ind., by a wealthy Catholic of St. Louis, Mo., who refuses to make known his name. Five thousand dollars were also presented to this excellent institution recently by a citizen of Dakota, through the influence of Bishop Marty, who was formerly Abbot of St. Meinrad's.—*Colorado Catholic*.

—The Alumni Association of St. John's College, Fordham, intend to erect a bronze statue of Archbishop Hughes, the founder of the college. The statue will be placed in the college grounds, and will cost \$10,000. It will be eight feet high and will stand on a green stone pedestal of the same height. The clay model of the statue shows him wearing the house dress of an archbishop.

—The divinity building of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., will be completed in May and opened for students in September. The contracts for furnishing are now being made. The cost of the building is now about \$100,000. It is simply a wing, and has been built with relation to the entire future structure. It is believed that the whole university can be finished in five years, and the total cost is roughly estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. The trustees do not mean to incur any debt.

—College rowdyism, dignified by Eastern exchanges with the appellation of "college spirit," manifested itself at Yale on the evening of the 18th ult., when a party of undergraduates, while out on a lark giving vent to their "spirit," threw a rope round a statue of one of Yale's most honored professors, now deceased, and pulled it to the ground damaging both statue and pedestal. The professors are reported as saying it was a contemptible outrage; while the students were simply "agitated." We are pleased to observe that this kind of "spirit" does not exist in the "Wild West."

—A good story regarding the late Bayard Taylor is told at Cornell University as one of the choice bits of college lore. In the early days of the University, Taylor was at a large dinner-party given by President Andrew D. White. In the post-prandial conversation something was said regarding restaurants. "By the way," said one, "what does the word restaurant signify?" Quick as a flash, Bayard Taylor said: "It comes from *res*, a thing, and *taurus*, a bull, therefore a bully thing." The laughter that greeted this sally settled the immortality of the joke, and professors and students alike delight to repeat it.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## A Generous Bequest.

Mr. Eugene Bremond, a well known banker of Austin, Texas, became, a short time ago, heir to the estate of the late Mr. Joseph Limmerick, a prominent Catholic of the same city. Mr. Bremond has generously deeded the property thus acquired—valued at upwards of \$16,000—to the Congregation of Holy Cross for the benefit of its establishments in the city of Austin; namely, St. Edward's College, St. Mary's Academy and St. Mary's Congregation. Such disinterested and active co-operation in the advancement of the cause of education and religion is not an ordinary every-day occurrence among the laity at the present time, and the instances that do occur certainly deserve all the prominence that can be given them. Mr. Bremond has shown a noble example of zeal for the propagation of truth and knowledge, and his action will bring with it a hundredfold reward.

## Leaves from the Diary of a Scientific Ex-Spurt.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4.—Rose in Detroit, Mich., bright and early. Took a walk after breakfast, trying to find the Detroit of a quarter of a century ago. Not very successful. Left about ten a. m., on an East-bound train. Crossed into Canada—found it very flat—probably stale and unprofitable also. Had recourse to magazine literature to relieve monotony. In the afternoon snow began to form a feature in the landscape. I had noticed in the morning a greater amount of wet land than I had seen coming through Michigan. Query: Is it the effect of the queen's reign? After getting used to the snow, relapsed again into the magazine. All at once people began to look out of the right hand window, the train stopped, and most of the passengers rushed out. An accident?—no: Niagara. Only had time to take a squint at the falls and compose the regulation sonnet before the cars moved on. Saw them again from the Suspension Bridge—from the Nor' Nor' East, from Nor' East and-by-East, from East-Nor'-East, etc. Swung around Lake Erie. Ice in its harbors and around its docks. Landed at Buffalo at what had been

4.55, but was now 5.55—one hour less to live than I thought I had.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5.—Started about 8 a. m. Beautiful scenery of York State forming panoramic views. Blue range of hills to the south. Bright, clean cities: Rochester, Syracuse, Rome and so forth. Train does not make many stops, but conductor punches after every stop. If it had been an accommodation train, now, my ticket would be all punched away, and I should have nothing to travel on but the holes. This would be a mathematical reduction to zero-differentiation as they call it. The conductor probably prefixes the sign of integration to the ticket before he finally disposes of it. Landed in Albany this evening. Wanted to go down the river in a steamer to see the scenery, but found that the day boats had not yet begun running. The moon was not bright enough to render a trip in a night boat picturesque. Concluded to take the cars again at eight or thereabouts tomorrow. Walked up the Capitol hill for exercise. Very steep. Walked down again.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6.—Fast train; stop only at Poughkeepsie. Most of the letters in the name of this city are placed there for ornament only. Cannot specify which the brakeman pronounced, but think I heard the two *p*'s and the *k*, and perhaps the *s*; but it might have been only the steam escaping. The name of the city of New York has been gradually losing the elements of its name ever since we entered the State. The *r* went first. We lost it somewhere in the vale where the Mohawk gently flows. Slipped in and drowned, perhaps. At any rate, the boy wanted us to buy "New Yoke papers." The *w* in like manner fell into the Hudson. Then it was "Ne' Yo'k papers." Meanwhile the vowels were becoming painfully obscure, and soon there was no more left of the *y* than would be indicated in the poetic language of the Castilians by placing a *trema* over the *n*—thus: "*ñ*'*k* papers." And I thought what a mercy it was that the metropolis was no further off, as in that case the name might have vanished entirely, and what could the poor brakeman say then? Another process of mathematical differentiation. But my anxiety was soon allayed. We got there at noon, and there was lots of it left. I have been seeing it ever since. That afternoon I called upon an old college friend. He was absent on business, but had left word with eminently qualified gentlemen that I was to be shown New York; and it would far exceed the limits of the present diary to tell all that I have seen since, under their pleasant tutelage. I should rather return to certain features



of my journey hitherto omitted. I had looked for a gradual increase in the appearances of civilization as I advanced eastward, until I supposed every field would be surrounded by a frescoed picket fence, with young ladies in sky-blue satin hoeing potatoes inside. But no; as in dear old Hoosierdom, so in the Empire State I saw the same style of rail fence, with most of the rails blown off, and the rest in a condition to make a cow laugh, if she were inclined to be breachy, like her celebrated ancestress who jumped over the moon. The same weed for the stump puller. The same swamps and marshes, just such as I used to tramp through when County Surveyor, only perhaps even wetter and stickier. But the river scenery, I must admit, was grand. I had no need to turn to a magazine for entertainment along the valleys of the Mohawk and Hudson. Art, in contributing to beautify them, has seconded Nature, rather than diminished her charms. It did not seem, in fact, to be art, so much as the presence of human habitations awakening sympathies that desert rocks and vales could never excite. And there were the Catskills looming up large and blue, making their huge bulk known by the time it took to pass them. There was snow lying on their crests, but that was the last I saw. New York is full of bloom. Pansies as large as the palm of your hand have been planted out to bloom in the open air, and the leaf buds on the trees are bursting. The sea air seems to protect this place against severe frosts. The streets are gay with flowers for sale—roses, lilies-of-the-valley, violets, jonquils, carnations—always something fragrant as well as pleasing to the eye.

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#### The Apostle of Temperance.

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A large audience assembled in Washington Hall on Wednesday evening to listen to a lecture on the life and work of Father Matthew by the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Kenosha, Wis. Father Cleary needed no formal introduction to his hearers as he is well known at Notre Dame. He spoke of the 10th of April as a memorable anniversary, for it was on that day, fifty-one years ago, Father Matthew attended a temperance meeting in a small room in the city of Cork and there enlisted himself in the cause for which he did so much.

Father Matthew was then 48 years old, and had been a priest for 24, having been born in 1790. He worked many years among the poor people of Cork where his remains now lie buried. He was noted for his kindness and affability,

and has been fitly characterized as possessing the strength and courage of a man combined with the gentleness of a woman. His temperance work was attended with the greatest success as was exemplified by the decrease of crime in Ireland. During the first few years of his labors the number of drinking places in Dublin was greatly diminished, and one prison entirely closed. So liberal was he with his money that he ruined himself financially, but the English government granted him a pension in recognition of his services to humanity. He struggled hard for the welfare of the needy and hungry in the great famine of 1847. He visited America in 1849, and remained here about two years and a half. He lectured in the principal eastern and southern cities, and administered the pledge to 600,000 people. The slave holder of the South vied with the abolitionist of the North to do honor to the simple and unpretending priest. At Washington he was invited to the Halls of Congress and dined with Zachary Taylor. In 1851 he received a stroke of paralysis while travelling by steamer from Vicksburg to Nashville. His health was very poor after this, and returning to his native country, he died in 1856, mourned by countless numbers for his great and good work.

Father Matthew labored devotedly and enthusiastically, and made total abstinence popular and drunkenness odious. He believed there was no pleasure that could not be enjoyed without the influence of alcohol. By abstinence one does not abstain from the joys of life; for the man with the clear head and free brain, and the system free from the insidious poison of strong drink, is the one who enjoys his existence. He saw that the vice of intemperance produced poverty and misery, and thus he entered on his great crusade. With his suavity of manner, his unselfish devotion and gentleness of spirit, he disarmed prejudice and hostility, and brought many back to the true paths of life. With this same spirit, said the speaker, we are endeavoring to carry on the grand work, and trying to emancipate the unfortunate from the fetters of drunkenness.

Father Cleary's remarks were received with applause, and in behalf of the Temperance Society and the audience, Rev. President Walsh thanked him for his noble and eloquent discourse, and trusted that seeds had then been sown which would in the future bring forth much good fruit. We may add that the members of the Temperance Society at Notre Dame manifest great zeal and enthusiasm in their work, and cannot fail to do great good.

### Notre Dame's Telegraph Business.

The average number of telegrams sent and received by the University is about 275 per month. The number for March was 321. These messages were sent to or received from 26 States and Territories, and to or from Mexico, Prince Edward Island, Ireland, Paris, Luxembourg and Rome. The Notre Dame office is controlled and used by the University exclusively. At present all business is given to the Western Union Company, but the Postal Telegraph Company has wires to South Bend, Ind., and connection therewith can easily be made if found necessary.

The charges for first-class domestic and commercial messages from Notre Dame to some of the principal cities are as follows: To Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Louis 25 cents for ten words. To Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Quebec, Toronto and New Orleans 50 cents day rate, 30 cents night rate. Denver and Galveston 60 cents day rate, 40 cents night rate. San Francisco \$1.

Cable rates per word from Notre Dame to Europe are: to Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany, 31 cents; Belgium, 37 cents; Italy, 40 cents; Austria, 42 cents; Russia, 49 cents. Messages from Notre Dame to Colon and Panama, South America, would have to be sent *via* New York and Europe, and the cost would be the highest to any place reached by cable—\$7.20 per word. There are ten cable lines from the United States to Europe, owned by five separate companies.

The telegraph companies are steadily decreasing their rates and improving the service. On the first of the present month the Western Union made a large general reduction. The highest rate between any of the 17,000 offices of the Company is one dollar. Considering the distance covered, the above rates compare favorably with European government telegraph charges. In England the general rate to all places is 6d, or twelve cents, for twelve words, and one cent for each additional word: each word in address and text is charged for. In the United States addresses and signatures are not counted. The service of the American private companies is in most cases superior to the English government service. One of the rules of the English service is that: "The Postmaster General will not be liable for any loss or damages which may be incurred or sustained by reason or on account of *any mistake or default* in the transmission or delivery of a telegram."

American private companies are liable, and the reports of our law courts show that they are often compelled to pay heavy damages for negligence and errors in telegrams.

The telegraph system in England has been operated by the government for the past sixteen years at an annual loss, or cost to the taxpayers, of over a million dollars a year. The Western Union Company will pay its usual annual dividend of one and one-fourth per cent. on the 15th inst., amounting to \$1,077,376, and will have a surplus of \$8,383,908. This Company's profits last year was nearly six million dollars.

### The Catholic University.

The Washington University moves the *Observateur Francaise* to give in a recent number an interview with an American prelate. It will be read with deepest interest in the United States:

"It is not one of the least marvels of our day, so fruitful in great things, to behold the powerful moral work of the Papacy. The head of the Church is old and a captive, and yet his words are as deeds, and his orders as prophecies, according to the beautiful expression of Cardinal Newman. It was but two years after Pope Leo XIII authorized the foundation of the University, and on May 24, 1888, the corner-stone was laid, and next November the new University will be open to Theological students. One of the prelates who will preside at the opening of the University has recently given me all the details of its history.

"Two prelates," said my informant, "have particularly aided Cardinal Gibbons in accomplishing the wish of Leo XIII. These are Monsignor Keane and Monsignor Ireland. They aroused Catholic public opinion and received generous subscriptions, which have secured the beginning of the great work. One subscription Miss Mary Caldwell gave was for \$300,000. There was a generous rivalry as to which of the dioceses of the country should possess this home of Christian science. But it was recognized that Washington, the federal seat of Government, had rights which no other seat could contest, and its selection was made acceptable to all. The corner-stone was laid in the presence of the President of the Republic, Grover Cleveland, whom Cardinal Gibbons had invited. And this," added my eminent informant, "proves to you the superiority of our political and social organization over that of the Old World. Among us the Church and the State move freely in their separate orbits and co-operate for the common prosperity. We ask nothing of the State but liberty, and this we have. The State demands from us but respect for the laws, and it knows in advance that this respect is assured. This line of demarcation does not

hamper the relations; it facilitates them, and Catholics and Protestants live on friendly terms.

"We have, besides, gained by our settlement and by the breadth of our ideas a greater place than we could claim by right of our number. We have ten million Catholics in the Republic; this is a large gathering, if we consider that a century ago we had but 25,000, but is small when we consider the total population of the United States to-day—sixty millions. But our number preponderates, first, because Protestants are divided into many sects; and secondly, because all—and more particularly our heads—are convinced of the special affinity which De Tocqueville has remarked, and which binds Catholicity to democracy.

"Read the discourse pronounced by the Bishop of Peoria, Mgr. Spalding, at the corner-stone laying at Washington. You will read there what may perhaps astonish you, that the prelate is almost as proud of his title of citizen of a free country as of that of a son of the Catholic Church. This is, after all, our right. Did not St. Paul claim, even before the executioner, his title of Roman citizen? Likewise, outside the New World, you will find brilliant minds who believe that the new political state that we personify will conduce to a higher development of humanity than has been attained in the Old World. This is notably the opinion of Cardinal Manning.

"The influence which we have and which increases, from day to day, proves then that we are proud of our country, of its customs and its laws. But it also shows that Catholicity is, at the same time, a religion and school of social science. Americans are a practical people, and this last characteristic forcibly strikes them. They do not see the evangelical character, but the social side. This secures for us special consideration. Here and in Europe you have had able men who studied Catholicity from this point of view. The historian Guizot, a Protestant, has marvellously developed the social side of the political influence of the Church in the Middle Ages. More recently, Lacordaire said that he had been held to Catholicity by those social characteristics.

"You will refuse, perhaps, to follow me," continued the eminent prelate, "if I would seek to demonstrate to you that democracy is the political state which best conforms to the progress of Catholicity, likewise, that Catholicity is the natural religion of democracies. Therefore, I will confine myself to say to you that our University at Washington will have a place of honor in its course of studies for social questions. We shall have departments of law, of letters, of science. We know, too well, what we owe our glorious founder, Leo XIII, to neglect the humanities. But does he not hold in honor the social studies? And will not the marvellous encyclicals of Leo XIII form the natural programme of our course? We shall study those, that is to say, we will seek to demonstrate that

the new political state, that we personify, is much better adapted to the evangelical precepts and the instructions of our common Father, than your worm-eaten constitutions and your old institutions. Catholics first, yes, but democrats after."—*Catholic Review*.

#### Local Items.

- Holy Week.
- 'Twas only a joke.
- To-morrow is Palm Sunday.
- The "machine" is "busted."
- 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Total Sep.
- Davy held the key to the situation.
- Why so many prominent individuals in the gallery?
- "Blow, bugle, blow! Set the wild echoes flying."
- A walk is being constructed around the east side of the lower lake.
- The six-oared barges were taken out for the first time on the 7th inst.
- There has been great excitement this week over the election of baseball captains.
- "Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass; Stray not from orthodox paths as you pass."
- The old portion of the Seminary is being torn down to make room for the new addition.
- There will be no Easter vacation. Fix your minds upon June, boys; it's only a few weeks off.
- The annual spring supper of the baseball association of the Senior department will occur a week from next Thursday.
- The special football team will hereafter be clothed in new and nobby suits—the best that can be procured in Chicago.
- The Minims are under obligations to Mr. R. C. Newton for a handsome contribution to the funds of their baseball association.
- Mr. Ed. Coady has been chosen football captain in place of Albright who has shaken the dust from off his feet and departed westward.
- Although not having had as yet much practice, the Lawn Tennis Club feels safe in challenging any neighboring institution to a series of games.
- There will be a public debate and other exercises on April 30, the occasion of the centennial celebration. The day will be duly celebrated also in the city.
- The road leading to the College in front of the Manual Labor School has been closed. A new road has been opened passing around by the farm houses.
- "Anacreon," said the Kansas student, "would never have applied the epithet 'harmless' to the grasshopper had he ever seen one of our cicalaen clouds."

—The "Philosopher" has been busy this week drowning out gophers on the campus ably seconded by expert water-carriers such as Göke, "Allen County," Wade, Carroll and others.

—Prof. Gregori's excellent portrait of Prof. Egan is now on exhibition in the Lemonnier Library. It is a fine specimen of Gregori's unsurpassed carefulness of detail and shows the real artist.

—D. says he was not fooled on April 1; but the one who tied his door and nearly caused him to lose his breakfast is lacking in sense and morality. The occasion undoubtedly authorizes such a strong condemnation.

—A letter received from B. Sawkins states that he is prospering in the city of Toledo. "B." still manifests much interest in the welfare of our athletic organizations, and is more enthusiastic than ever over the Rugby team.

—B. Augustus, director of the tailoring department, announces that he is now prepared to make the finest and most stylish Commencement suits. Send or bring in your orders early, because the fine goods are selling very fast.

—The President and other officials of the Total Separation Society solemnly assure us that reports as to the disintegration of that organization are absolutely without foundation. The society is by no means in that delectable dish known as "the soup."

—The centenary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, which occurs on the 30th inst., will be appropriately observed at Notre Dame. Further particulars, programme of exercises, etc., will be given in a future number.

—Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., very effectually silenced a writer against the Church in the Dodd City weekly *Spectator* of March 1st. Father Hurth proved in a lengthy communication that the self-styled author knew not whereof he spoke regarding the Catholic Church.—*Catholic Review*.

—The excitement in the yard last week came just as we were going to press, and consequently too late for publication. Parties intending to create excitement would do well to do so at a seasonable time, and send in notification sometime in advance so the affair may not be neglected by the press.

—Mr. P. Shickey, proprietor of the Notre Dame and St. Mary's 'Bus Line, will build a handsome and stylish house in South Bend, on the site formerly occupied by his frame dwelling which has been removed to other quarters. We are pleased to hear this evidence of Mr. Shickey's prosperity.

—At the baseball meeting Thursday afternoon, a communication was read from Mr. J. C. Larkin (Law '85), of Johnstown, Pa., in which the writer said he would donate a handsome gold medal to the one making the best general average in the championship games. The an-

nouncement was received with applause, and the thanks of the association were tendered Mr. Larkin for his generous gift.

—A visit to McDonald's studio in South Bend is worth making. Mr. McDonald is an artist, as well as photographer. No recent improvement in photography has escaped his attention. He has at present in his employ an assistant who seems to have special skill in posing his sitters. The Faculty of Notre Dame is well represented in his studio,—the last photograph of Father General being admirable. A recent visitor was enabled at McDonald's to secure the best photographs he had ever seen of the Faculty.

—The stereopticon exhibition of views of local characters last Saturday evening was well attended and was voted by all a success. Considerable laughter was caused as the different celebrities appeared on the canvas. One of the best scenes was that of the genial horticulturist of the Park, running with might and main handicapped heavily by a wheelbarrow, frantically endeavoring to escape the Kodak. The "Sleeping Beauty" was quite good and evoked much merriment. Father Zahm has many more such views, and we trust we will have more exhibitions before Commencement.

—In criticising the scene recently painted by Prof. Ackerman, the art critic of the *SCHOLASTIC* ventured to suggest that it would look more natural and attract more attention if some human figures—say a student or two being pursued by an officer, or something of that kind—were worked in the scene. The artist, however, laughed the idea to scorn, and said it would be just as sensible to put in a big sign bearing the time-honored legend, "Keep off the clover," or an advertisement on the fence reading, "Use Dr. Snyder's Hop Bitters made from pure grasshopper hops." The critic forebore making further suggestions.

—Three dozen ball bats were purchased for the Senior nines Wednesday. The season has opened in good shape, and prospects are bright for an interesting championship series. It is doubtful if the special team will have the South Bend nine to play with this year, as it looks now as if the city would be minus a baseball aggregation that would compare with the "Greenstockings" of last year. No steps have been taken as yet to put a strong nine in the field. Still there are other good organizations in the vicinity, and it is thought that games can be arranged with some of the Western colleges if any of them desire to be beaten.

—We have been favored with a letter from Prof. Stace, who wrote from New York on the 9th inst., stating that he would sail next morning Wednesday the 10th. He speaks of the marked improvement in health already experienced, and hopes for much good from the sea-voyage. All his friends will certainly pray that his brightest hopes may be fully realized.

The SCHOLASTIC has not been forgotten by the genial Professor, as will be seen from the "diary" published on another page. Prof. Stace's address for the next few months will be: 27 Avenue de la Bourdonnais, Paris, France.

—We regret exceedingly that there should have been any excitement last week over the published report that navigation was opened. We were a little premature in opening it, but the statement was published after due and mature deliberation. It has been the custom of editors in former times to make the announcement several weeks in advance, and it was simply with a view of keeping alive the old customs and, at the same time, to buoy up the boys with hope that we announced last week that "navigation was opened."

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty, C. S. C., '76, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind., is energetically pushing forward the finishing work on the splendid new church which he has erected. The *South Bend Times* says: "Handsome, more elegant and tastier inside frescoing and decorations cannot be seen anywhere in this section than at the new church of the St. Patrick's congregation on South Taylor street. There is a remarkable harmony in the colored windows and the wall finish of the church which gives the interior a lightness and cheerfulness seldom equalled in so large an edifice." The church will be dedicated on Sunday, June 2, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—Members of the Senior class are notified that their attendance at Quiz is obligatory. 'Tis not so with the Junior class, but it would harm none to be present each day.—A number have purchased copies of Blickensderfer's Blackstone's Elements of Law, a book recently published.—As almost everyone attended the temperance lecture Wednesday evening, the meeting of the Debating Society was postponed till Wednesday next, when the Civil Service question will come up for disputation. Those on the debate are: Messrs. Dwyer, Dougherty, Blessington and Lane.—A criminal case is set for hearing in the Moot-court this evening. The attorneys are: Messrs. F. Long, Nester, Dougherty and Brewer.—The Seniors are preparing their theses for graduation.

—The attention of the Hoynes' Light Guards is called to the fact that in June the customary drill between privates will take place to decide to whom shall be awarded the two handsome gold medals for the best drilling. There has always been great competition for these medals in the past, and whoever won them did so on merit, and felt that the medals represented something. Every private has a chance to gain these prizes, and he should work hard from now till June in order to stand well in the drill. Then there is the pennant which Companies "A" and "B" will drill for. These inducements should make every one, who is a member of the military organizations, prepare himself for the June drill as a duty to himself and his Company.

We suppose the customary medal will be awarded in the Sorin Cadets.

—The seventeenth regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Saturday evening, March 30, the Rev. President in the chair. The exercises of the evening were opened by Mr. H. C. Murphy, who read a well-written essay entitled "Men of Business." He was followed by Mr. C. Dacey, whose essay entitled "We Learn by Failing" was fully up to the standard of excellence prescribed by the society. On account of the absence of several members, the debate was postponed. The society, under a deep sense of gratitude for the efficient services and manifold kindness of the Rev. President, formally presented him with a vote of thanks. A subject for the public debate, to be given on April 30, was discussed; a programme decided upon, and the parts assigned to the members. After a few remarks by the Rev. President the meeting adjourned.

—The annual spring meeting of the Senior Baseball Association was held in the Senior reading rooms Thursday afternoon. In the absence of the President B. Paul presided. The secretary's report was read and approved. The semi-annual statement of the treasurer, showing a comfortable amount of cash on hand, was read, and a motion to put the treasurer under bonds was made and lost owing to the well-known reputation of that official for honesty. In the election of officers, Rev. A. Morrissey was chosen President; B. Paul and B. Emmanuel, Directors; J. V. O'Donnell, Secretary; G. H. Craig, Treasurer. Messrs. F. Kelly and E. Melady were unanimously chosen captains of the first nines. For the second nine captaincy Messrs. Brewer, McCarthy, W. Cartier, R. Fleming, J. Fleming, I. Bunker and H. Woods were put in nomination. On the first ballot Brewer, and J. McCarthy were the choice of the meeting. J. Cusack was elected special team captain, and after a few remarks by the chairman the meeting adjourned. More were present at this gathering than at any meeting held for years.

—Ever since the introduction of the game of lawn tennis by Lawn Tennyson, it has grown in popularity and is now recognized as a great college sport especially in the East. A club was organized here last year, but the members seemed to lack enthusiasm and the game soon died out. This spring, however, it has been taken hold of in good shape, and a club was formed in the reading-room of Sorin Hall Thursday morning with Messrs. Dwyer, Burke, R. Newton, Cusack, Aiken, J. W. Meagher, F. Nester, J. B. Meagher, J. Kelly, Reynolds, F. Jewett, L. Meagher, H. Jewett, McCarthy, Fehr, O'Donnell, H. Smith, Fearnley and Craig as members. Prof. Fearnley was elected President; John B. Meagher, Secretary, and Patrick Burke, Treasurer. The club will order immediately another tennis set in order that all may be accommodated when desirous of playing. It is probable that



a series of championship games will be arranged. The club will receive challenges from any organization which dares to dispute its superiority. The courts are located just southeast of Sorin Hall where desirable grounds have been secured. Lawn tennis is at last booming.

—Placards, posted in prominent places around the yard a few days ago, announced a meeting of the Total Separation Society in the gym. When the time for the meeting arrived the gym was filled. The chairman was duly escorted to his chair by the Keeper of the Bear Trap and the Guardian of the Green Almanacs. Then Mr. Schmitz arose to state the object of the gathering. He said that they had assembled for the purpose of instituting a boycott. That had been the talk of the day; and, knowing as he did, the objects and wishes of the society, Mr. William Patterson had deliberately gone and patronized the thing to be boycotted. He was astounded at the gentleman's action; he wished to call the attention of all to it as the gentleman had thus signified his intention of opposing the Total Separation. The speaker was grieved, and he had a few verses adapted for the occasion which he wished to read. Mr. Schmitz read as follows:

"When, William, you once fond and true,  
But now grown cold and supercilious,  
Cause us alarm and do us harm,  
Well, by the dog, it makes me bilious.  
Then, then, in spite, my cheeks grow white,  
My maddening brain grows weak and silly,  
All this, 'tis true, is caused by you,  
Because you will not boycott Billy."

Mr. A. Eugene O'Flaherty arose. He said Mr. Schmitz had found a chestnut somewhere and was perpetrating it on the society. Accordingly he moved that Mr. Schmitz be barred from the privileges of the floor. The latter was then put out. Others then addressed the meeting, a few outsiders participating in the discussion. Finally a series of resolutions, with a preamble a yard long, was introduced and passed. Next morning, however, the "boycott" was said to be a joke, and was duly declared off. This was one of the most exciting meetings of the year. Many from the Hall were interested spectators.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alvarez, Akin, Burns, E. Brookfield, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Brewer, H. P. Brannick, Barret, Burke, Brelsford, Blackman, C. Brookfield, Cassidy, E. Chacon, Cooney, G. Cooke, Cusack, Carroll, T. Coady, Carney, P. Coady, Chute, E. Coady, Combe, L. Chacon, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Dougherty, Davis, Darroch, Eyanson, Fisk, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Franklin, Fitzgerald, Fack, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, Hepburn, Healy, Hayes, Hacket, Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, Heard, H. Jewett, Karasynski, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, Larkin, McNally, H. Murphy, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, Madden, McAuliff, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Melady, H. C. Murphy, Major, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, L. Pa-

quette, Prichard, Prudhomme, C. Paquette, Powers, W. Roberts, Rothert, C. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiger, R. Sullivan, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Zinn, Zeitler, H. McAlister.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Brady, Blumenthal, Baltes, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciarcoschi, F. Connors, J. Connors, E. Connors, Case, Connelly, Collins, Cauthorn, Chute, L. N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Darroch, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, Galland, Heller, Hesse, Hinkley, Hoerr, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Jackson, Joslyn, Krembs, King, Kehoe, Kellner, Kelly, Lenhoff, Moncado, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McNulty, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, Palmer, J. Peck, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Sheehan, C. Sullivan, Schultze, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Smith, C. Scherrer, Sachs, Staples, Tetard, Thorn, Wright, Welch, Weitzel, B. Wile, Williams, Wood, Wilbanks.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Blease, Boyle, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Carter, Downing, Durand, Doherty, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gray, Hagus, Hamilton, Henneberry, Hedenberg, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, B. Lehnberg, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, McDonnell, Mattas, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Morrison, Marr, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Steineman, Stephens, Stafflin, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman.

#### Class Honors.

##### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Stewart, Crooker, Dacey, Woods, Lozano, J. Galen, C. Roberts, F. Schillo, Maurus, Hesse, Greene, Jno. McIntosh, Casey, Bradley, J. Mooney, Dunning.

#### List of Excellence.

##### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

*Arithmetic*—Messrs. Maurus, J. Cooney, Hennessy, Hanrahan, Wood, Sutter, Palmer, Merz; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. J. Galen, J. Mooney, H. McAlister, Crooker, Case, Sheehan, Stewart; *Grammar*—Messrs. Hayes, R. Healy, Hennessy, King, Tetard, Welch, Palmer; *Geography*—L. Paquette; *United States History*—Messrs. Ohlwine, Heard, Beltink; *Reading*—Messrs. Combe, R. Fitzgerald, J. Darroch, Ohlwine, Göke, Karasynski, Robinson, Sutter, L. Kehoe, Elder, Cunningham, Shear, Hinkley, E. Baltes; *Orthography*—Messrs. Lahey, Hayes, Aarons, L. Kehoe, Cunningham, Shear, M. Smith, Ford, F. Schillo, McMahon, Maurus; *Penmanship*—Messrs. Herman, K. Newton, G. McAlister, Dunning, Heard, Eyanson, L. Hoerr, Jno. McIntosh, J. Bradley, King, McNulty; *Telegraphy*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Roberts; *Type-Writing*—Messrs. I. Rose, Daniels.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The spring cleaning and beautifying of the grounds has commenced in earnest.

—A new Minim arrived last week, all the way from New Orleans, and only six years old.

—Very Rev. Father General is untiring in his efforts to instil all virtues into the hearts of St. Mary's pupils, by both precept and example. His instructions each Monday morning contain counsels that only a zealous friend could give, and are fully appreciated by all.

—"No Man's Land," was the subject of an article read by Miss M. Geer at the "points," Sunday evening. Miss A. Donnelly read one of A. Procter's touching tributes to the Blessed Virgin. Very Rev. Father General made a few interesting remarks, when Rev. Father Zahm gave a brief account of the country mentioned in the first selection, which proved most instructive.

—The visitors of last week were: Rev. F. Horan, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. K. L. Johns, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. F. C. Tyler, Mrs. C. Follansbee, Mrs. E. Schoellkopf, Mrs. J. Irwin, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. L. Bernard, Mrs. A. L. Washburne, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ayers, Miss D. Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. L. Winans, New Orleans; Mrs. H. L. Hall, Mrs. J. Warren, Omaha, Neb.; E. P. Hammond, Rensselaer, Ind.; J. R. Coffroth, T. H. Stuart, Lafayette, Ind.

### Jealousy.

Since the unfortunate fall of Eve, many qualities not worthy of admiration are said to have descended to her daughters; her sons, according to their version, having escaped this part of her inheritance. Among these the one which is more particularly attributed to the gentle sex is jealousy.

Jealousy, according to Webster, is either "Careful concern for anything," or "Uneasiness through fear that good-will, interest, affection, or the like, regarded as belonging to oneself is transferred to another." It is of jealousy, taken in the latter sense, that it is my purpose to treat.

This "green-eyed monster," so appropriately named, manifests itself in various ways. When we see honors conferred on others and feel that although we do not deserve them we wish to have them conferred on ourselves, we may be sure that there is some jealousy in our nature, even though we have never admitted it or had proof of it before. Again, if we feel unkindly toward those who receive favors, we have an-

other proof. Sometimes this spirit comes forth more boldly, causing much unhappiness, and sowing the seeds of dislike and uncharitableness. Again, it appears in another form: in the refusal to give praise when it is due, under the impression that all encouragement should be bestowed on ourselves; for as the hand of the miser grasps for gold, so the heart of the jealous person yearns for praise, and pants with envy when it is given to another.

Examples of jealousy are common in every walk of life, from the little child scarcely able to walk, who imagines if great attentions are not paid him, that the preference which he deserves is given to others less worthy, to the grey-haired sire and matron, who often think that their children and other younger members of their family are not sufficiently solicitous for their happiness, and that others receive the kindness which is their due.

In the intermediate stages of life we may first refer to the time spent at school, for it seems that jealousy is the source from which all the troubles of school-girls proceed. If some succeed better than others, it is all due, according to the idea of the envious one, to the fact that these few are the favored ones; and that their efforts are exaggerated when they win for them this praise, and any reward which these favored ones receive is attributed to the same cause. Jealousy is one of the greatest evils arising from the awarding of medals in schools; hence their withdrawal from the list of prizes in so many institutions, for it matters not how competent the judges may be, or how worthy the person on whom the medal is bestowed, there will be some who will think the decision unjust—the result of favor—and who will make it as unpleasant as possible for the recipient; but if those who show this spirit would reflect for a moment and consider that, "whoever has qualities to alarm our jealousy, has excellence to deserve our fondness," they would endeavor to overcome the envy they feel.

As we grow older and enter upon the more responsible duties of life, this evil spirit again comes forward to mar our happiness and pleasure. We are envious of the wealth, of the position, of the friends and even of the dress of others; and as we cannot excel in all of these we are never content.

Among the older members of the gentle sex jealousy appears in still another form. We see a number of them assembled to spend an afternoon sewing and talking, and upon what subject does their conversation almost invariably turn? Upon the faults, the actions, the dress

and the merits of their neighbors, so that gossip is another of the many evils resulting from the spirit of jealousy. Davenant has said:

"All jealousy  
Must still be strangled in its birth, or time  
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough  
To overcome the truth."

And so we find all through life that a person of this disposition seldom views anything in a proper light; but sees all the actions of others through the lens of jealousy which destroys the correct image, and produces in its place one misshapen and false. Where jealousy reigns supreme, happiness and contentment are seldom found; and as we are all desirous of enjoying peace, we should banish from our nature that which is an obstacle to its reign.

As the sleet and frost of winter chill the earth and deprive it of its beautiful verdure which delighted and gladdened all, so jealousy entering the heart chills it and drives from it many of the virtues which we were wont to find there, and which won for the owner much joy and pleasure.

And as all gifts come from above whether our soul is enriched with many or few, we should at least try to show a generous heart, and return thanks to our Creator for those which He in His Divine perfection has seen fit to bestow upon us, and we should offer grateful acknowledgments to Him whether our good qualities are praised or remain unnoticed. This may be hard for poor human nature, but if we look up and pray for greatness of soul, jealousy will never draw near.

LAURA DUCEY (*Class '89*).

### Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Bub, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Barber, Clifford, E. Coll, Caren, Clarke, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, N. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fursman, L. Fox, Gavan, Guise, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Harmes, L. Hutchinson, Haney, Hubbard, Henke, Irwin, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopmann, Linneen, Ledwith, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, McCune, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Piper, Quinn, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, Spurgeon, Schrock, B. Smith, Schiltze, Sauter, Taylor, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wright, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, Campbell, Cooke, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dolan, Dreyer, Erpelding, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Griffith, Göke, Kloth, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, McPhee, Miller, Patrick, Patier, Pugsley, Reeves, Regan, J. Smyth, Scherrer, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, L. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Scherrer, S. Smyth, Winans.

### Class Honors.

#### LANGUAGE COURSE.

##### LATIN.

Misses Clarke, Griffith.

##### FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses Beschameng, Marley, K. Gavan, Campeau.

3D CLASS—Misses Burton, B. Morse, T. Balch, Compagne, Prudhomme, Kingsbury, Arnold, Studebaker, M. De Montcourt.

2D DIV.—Misses Hepburn, Wagner, Coll, B. Smith.

4TH CLASS—Misses Hurff, N. Gibson, M. Gibson, Hutchinson, Bloom, I. Horner, Roberts, Jungblut, Penburthy, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, Haight, Pugsley, Webb, Hamilton, Watson, N. Davis.

2D DIV.—Misses Healy, Ash, Dempsey, Thayer, Flitner, Campbell.

5TH CLASS—Misses Kelly, Scherrer, Ayer.

##### GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bub, Beschameng.

2D CLASS—Misses Burton, Sauter, Lauth, Piper, Henke, Moore.

3D CLASS—Misses C. Morse, M. Schoellkopf, Quealey, K. Hurley, V. Erpelding, C. Hurley, Nacey, A. Keeney.

4TH CLASS—Misses Spurgeon, Nicholas, Lewis, Dreyer, Miller, Haney, Kloth, I. Schoellkopf, Ernest, Currier.

5TH CLASS—Misses Griffith, Göke, M. Davis, B. Davis, Hagus, Levy, K. Barry, A. Graves.

### An Archbishop's Visit to Sacred Heart Academy, Ogden, Utah.

On Monday afternoon, the 25th ult., the pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy tendered a reception in their academy hall to Archbishop Rordan of San Francisco, who visited the institution accompanied by Bishop Scanlan and several priests. The Archbishop is returning from a tour through Europe. He expressed himself as much pleased with the warm welcome offered him and the progress made by the pupils since the last time he was in Ogden. The following programme was rendered: "Lucia di Lammermoor" (Liszt), Miss Kiesek; Greeting, Miss Brennan; Song, "The Bridge," Miss Lewis; "Dinorah" (Meyerbeer—Hoffmann), Miss Parker; "The Song that Reached my Heart," Miss Mahon; "Valse Brillante" (Moskowski), Miss Helfrich; Chorus, accompanied on guitars by the Misses Hickok, Cunningham and Murphy; "Home, Sweet Home" (Thalberg), Miss Hickok.

The care and attention which the Sisters of the Holy Cross devote to the moral, physical and intellectual training of the children and young ladies entrusted to their care has gained for this institution a reputation second to none in the intermountain region. Ogden rightly claims to be the Queen City of the Mountains, and the Sacred Heart Academy is not the least of the rich jewels which deck her diadem.—*Ogden "Argus."*